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Matthew Glenn Scheerschmidt, Bass, Senior Voice Recital

Matthew Glenn Scheerschmidt
Cedarville University

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
MATTHEW GLENN SCHEERSCHMIDT
BASS

JANETTE PLUMLEY
PIANO

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 2011
7 PM

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Selections from MESSIAH George Frideric Handel
Thus Saith the Lord (1685–1759)
But Who May Abide

II

Madamina, il catalogo è questo,
from DON GIOVANNI Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Se vuol ballare, from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO (1756–1791)

III

Selections from FAUST Charles Gounod
Vous qui faites l'endormie (1818–1893)
Le veau d'or

IV

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai, Op. 48, No. 1 Robert Schumann
Aus meinen Tränen spießen, Op. 48, No. 2 (1810–1856)
Waldesgespräch, Op. 39, No. 3
Die beiden Grenadiere, Op. 49, No. 1

INTERMISSION

V

When I Was a Lad, from H.M.S. PINAFORE Arthur Sullivan
Modern Major General, from PIRATES OF PENZANCE (1842–1900)
The Nightmare Song, from IOLANTHE

VI

Sorry-Grateful, from COMPANY Stephen Sondheim
Agony, from INTO THE WOODS (b. 1930)
Being Alive, from COMPANY

Assisted by Ben Scheerschmidt, Baritone

Matthew is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Music in vocal performance degree.

No flash photography, please.
Please turn off all cellphones.

TRANSLATIONS

Se Vuol Ballare

Well done, my master! Now I begin to understand the secret and to see clearly your whole plan: to London indeed? —

You the minister, I the courier, and Susanna — the secret ambassadress. It shall not be, it shall not be! Figaro says so!

If you would dance, my pretty Count, I'll play the little guitar for you, yes. If you will come to my dancing school I'll teach you the capriole, yes.

I will, I will learn, slowly; sooner every dark secret by dissembling I shall uncover.

Artfully fencing, artfully working, stinging here, joking there, all of your schemes I'll turn inside out.

If you would dance, my pretty Count, I'll play the little guitar for you.

Madamina, il catalogo è questo

My dear lady, this is a list of the beauties my master has loved, a list which I have compiled. Observe, read along with me.

In Italy, six hundred and forty; in Germany, two hundred and thirty-one; a hundred in France; in Turkey, ninety-one; but in Spain already one thousand and three.

Among these are peasant girls, maidservants, city girls, countesses, baronesses, marchionesses, princesses, women of every rank, every shape, every age.

With blondes it is his habit to praise their kindness; in brunettes, their faithfulness; in the white-haired, their sweetness.

In winter he likes fat ones. In summer he likes thin ones. He calls the tall ones majestic. The little ones are always charming.

He seduces the old ones for the pleasure of adding to the list. His greatest favorite is the young beginner.

It doesn't matter if she's rich, ugly, or beautiful; if she wears a skirt, you know what he does.

Vous qui faites l'endormie

You who pretend to be asleep, o Catherine, my sweetheart, do you not hear my voice and my footsteps? Thus your suitor calls you, and your heart trusts him! Don't open the door, my beauty, until the ring is on your finger.

Catherine whom I adore, why refuse such a sweet kiss to the lover who implores you? Thus your suitor beseeches you and your heart trusts him! Don't give a kiss, my sweetheart, until the ring is on your finger.

Le veau d'or

The calf of gold is still standing! One adulates his power, from one end of the world to the other end! To celebrate the infamous idol, kings and the people mixed together, to the somber sound of golden coins, they dance a wild round around his pedestal and Satan leads the dance.

The calf of gold is the victor over the gods! In its derisory glory, the abject monster insults heaven! It contemplates, oh weird frenzy! At his feet the human race, hurling itself about, iron in hand, in blood and in the mire, where gleams the burning metal, and Satan leads the dance.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the wonderfully fair month of May, as all the flower buds burst, then in my heart love arose.

In the wonderfully fair month of May, as all the birds were singing, then I confessed to her my yearning and longing.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

From my tears spring many blooming flowers forth, and my sighs become a nightingale choir.

And if you have love for me, child, I'll give you
all the flowers, and before your window shall
sound the song of the nightingale.

Waldesgespräch

It is already late, it is already cold; why do you
ride alone through the wood? The wood is
vast and you are alone, you fair bride! I will
lead you home.

"Great are the deceit and cunning of men;
my heart has broken for pain. The forest horn
strays here and there, o flee! You do not
know who I am."

So richly decked are mount and lady, so
wondrously fair the young form; now I
recognize you—God stand by me! You are the
Witch Lorelei.

"You recognize me well—from the lofty cliffs
my castle gazes down into the Rhine.
It is already late, it is already cold—you shall
never again leave this wood."

Die beiden Grenadiere

Two grenadiers were returning to France,
from Russian captivity they came. And as they
crossed into German lands they hung their
heads in shame.

Both heard there the tale that they dreaded
most, that France had been conquered in
war; defeated and shattered, that once proud
host, —

and the Emperor, a free man no more.

The grenadiers both started to weep
at hearing so sad a review. The first said, "My
pain is too deep; my old wound is burning
anew!"

The other said, "The song is done; like you, I'd
not stay alive; but at home I have wife and
son, who without me would not survive.

What matters son? What matters wife?
By nobler needs I set store; let them go beg
to sustain their life! My Emperor, a free man
no more!

Promise me, brother, one request: if at this
time I should die, take my corpse to France
for its final rest; in France's dear earth let me
lie.

The Cross of Valor, on its red band, over my
heart you shall lay; my musket place into my
hand; and my sword at my side display.

So shall I lie and hark in the ground, a
guardwatch, silently staying till once more I
hear the cannon's pound and the hoof beats
of horses neighing.

Then my Emperor'll be passing right over my
grave; each clashing sword, a flashing
reflector. And I, fully armed, will rise up from
that grave, the Emperor's, the Emperor's
protector!"



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